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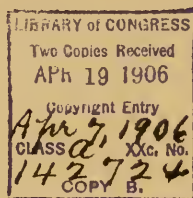


# Here and There

By ESTELLE MILDRED KNAPP



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ESTELLE MILDRED KNAPP





To J. B. K.

What's here, my pen as loom did weave,  
What's frayed, public tongue may durn,  
And leave the lint upon my sleeve.

Estelle Mildred Knapp







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## FLIGHT OF THE WATER-FOWL

In this old, familiar pathway here,  
By 'early light I stroll beside the Mere;  
November's wandering wind 'mid fallen leaves,  
A dull brown robe around me weaves.

The leafless branches of white-boled poplars lie,  
In delicate tracery against the sky;  
A giant sycamore leans o'er the water dark,  
With graceful line and softly shelling bark.

Last night's frost with bitter breath,  
The wayside weeds has touched with death;  
The thistle's down is, "Whistled down the wind."  
Its silver bloom no more I find.

No more of Arachne's web goes floating past,  
Those ghostly threads, they rest at last.  
The waving sedge-grass is sere and old,  
And sand-burs have lost their clinging hold.

From Mere, beneath a pale sunrise glow,  
A wreathing spectral mist is rising slow;  
Its sheltering folds hid countless numbers,  
Of water-fowl now waking from their slumbers.

With murmurs they are taking flight,  
Flinging from them the mist of night;  
From reedy shallows up they spring,  
Away, o'er Mere, are on the wing.

It is useless quite, no poet's line  
Can e'er portray, a scene so fine,  
As flight of water-fowl across this Mere,  
Which holds my eyes in rapture here.

In the full light of the awakening day,  
I watch the last flock wing away;  
Vanishing gleams of pinions I see,  
But the picture will ever remain with me.





## THOREAU

Do you not hear the subtle beat,  
Like silver rain around you there?  
Small need of pilgrimage to his retreat,  
He's with us here, he's everywhere.

With songs of birds with forest trees,  
And woodland ways with flowers bedecked;  
Fields and fruits and hum of bees,  
And brooks with sunshine flecked.

When Walden mirrored the glory of the sky,  
When stars were diamonds on its breast,  
Or tempests o'er forest lands drew nigh,  
A hymn to Nature, was Thoreau's quest.

Thoreau's soul it has a place,  
Among the wood-ways of the hills,  
Across the world he left a trace,  
In every glade his heart yet thrills,





## THE PICNIC

For weeks, I'll be in woods of pine,  
I tender you with cordial line  
An invitation, at once to visit me  
Most lovingly, your friend Bee.

In answer a willing note I send  
And journey from the vale of Bend.  
Two days in Montreal or more,  
Then start for Bee and Balymore.

In woods of pine the station  
Does not meet my approbation.  
A man, a lantern, a, "Who are you?"  
I'm scared, I'm homesick, boo!

I'll be brave, here comes a boy  
And Bee's great Dane, oh what joy!  
Now in the sleigh away we go,  
Through woods heaped with snow.

The moon is shining over all,  
Quivering shadows round us fall  
From wind-swept, swaying pines,  
And much to fear my heart inclines.

No police in woods I see,  
To keep the "scares" away from me.  
By night with only boy and dog,  
Bandits lurk by every bush and log.

We see a light between the trees,  
How picturesque, this home of Bee's;  
Within the door, my welcome warm,  
There's laughter at my great alarm.





### *The Picnic—Continued*

By fire-place in pine-log's glow,  
Bee and I talk of the long ago.  
Content and free from all unrest,  
How good to be with one so blest.

The morning dawns fine and clear,  
Four little girls living near,  
Have planned a picnic for the day,  
In Stormont's woods will lead the way.

King Edward (great Dane) is our guard,  
King John (the horse) speeds us forward,  
While merrily the bells ring out.  
King John's wheezy, waist's too stout.

But swiftly brings us to the cabin.  
The Indian boy, little Quita Sabin,  
Pushes snow for path to cabin door,  
Builds a fire and sweeps the floor.

Utensils on the wall are strung,  
And cedar wreaths among them hung.  
The cabin rings with joy and mirth,  
Is bright with light from hearth.

How gleefully the children sing,  
Their voices make the cabin ring.  
There are many duties to attend,  
First, they King John attention lend.

The puffy bag on which Quita sat,  
In coming, now looks quite flat;  
From it, hay, King John is munching,  
Next, the corn he'll be crunching.





### *The Picnic—Continued*

The great Dane circles far around,  
Believing that game can be found,  
Blue smoke curls from the cabin roof,  
At present I hold myself aloof.

Because they're busy cooking dinner;  
Quita says, "It will be a winner."  
The great Dane comes, nose in air,  
With that he reads the bill of fare.

The odor of the coffee wafting here,  
Makes Quita's view quite sincere;  
The clear cold air of this wood,  
Will make the "goodies" taste good.

A charming and joyous day we've had,  
To be remembered with spirit glad.  
While fire on cabin hearth is paling,  
We go, with white moon o'er us sailing.

Bee, Toinette, Viva and little Rita,  
Manon, myself and good boy Quita,  
May we go down the "Snow Drift" lane  
And in Stormont's cabin dine again.





## MARIE'S ROSES

With blushing fragrance dear,  
These lovely roses dewy sweet,  
With pink-white petals drooping here  
In this lonely rooms retreat.

Bring memories of the songs that glide,  
Along the brooks of Spring;  
Of places where the violets hide  
And the blue-bird's flashing wing.

When vanished are these winter snows,  
In some far-off summer day,  
I'll seek the lost hue of this rose,  
In hedge-rows by the way.





## THE NORTH WOOD'S BROOK

Deep in the heart of a green wood,  
Among the tangled roots of trees,  
Its life began in wandering mood,  
In fret, from gyves itself it frees.  
Indeed no straight or narrow way  
Should be prescribed for brooks to run;  
And 'tis useless to express dismay,  
At zigzag course when once begun.

This brook delved under fallen logs,  
It rippled round among the rocks,  
Acquaintance made with queachy bogs  
And every rush and reed that blocks,  
In utter waywardness a stream.  
O'er meadows a winding path it made,  
Around hill a girdle with a gleam;  
An ideal brook where'er it strayed.

Never was there a brook more fair,  
Never one whose cadence swung,  
Out more blithely on the air.  
The jagged rocks along it strung,  
In fantasy, were pearls that graced  
A lady's neck; in coarsest sedge,  
A dress of silken stuff I traced,  
Her mantle found along the hedge.

\* \* \* \* \*

May the sun ever shine with splendour,  
O'er North Wood's brook far from sight,  
Remembered with a yearning tender,  
To me it makes the world more bright.  
To brook with shining pathway there,  
To ferns and violets fringed with dew,  
To those old, sunny days without a care,  
My memory still proves true.





## THE FLOWER GIRL

She wears a thin and faded gown,  
A shabby hat o'er curls of brown;  
Her poverty, quickly I can see,  
While taking flowers she offers me.

As from my gaze she passed,  
Thinly clad, swept by bitter blast,  
I wondered how many were like this,  
And if their lives knew any bliss.

But the echo of her childish voice,  
Was with me as one who did rejoice,  
Despite all misery that unkind Fate  
Offered and for else bade her wait.

And oh! her upward smiling glance,  
The most humble garb could enhance;  
Poor little waif so pale and fair,  
Thyself a flower not hedged with care.







## LUCIFER'S WAGON

When Lucifer's wagon is on the fly,  
Remember, it does not always pass you by.  
Brown or Smith it would take for lunch,  
Swiftly on crossing their bones crunch.  
From such a frightful fate impending,  
Efforts to restraining bill are pending.

Upon the country road romantic,  
It hath the farmer man quite frantic.  
No ditch too wide his horse to take,  
Arrah! what havoc doth he make,  
With butter, eggs the road's embossed,  
Ere Lucifer's wagon from sight is lost.

Said Smith and Brown, "Before we die  
We will legislate;" with farmer they hie  
Unto the law-makers, ready for a mill,  
Unless autoists are slowed down with a bill;  
Believing that no more to them belongs,  
Safely, right of way, so present their wrongs.

With legal reins they seek to tie-up  
Lucifer's wagon, refused, told to go-up,  
In the mix-up, Elijah's time won't be a patch,  
On jibes, law-makers will get in a batch,  
A la auto accident style, small the wonder,  
With too many bills their minds are torn asunder.

Meantime on auto keep a watchful eye,  
Lest in various pieces you should fly,  
Enough to fill a market basket,  
Adding to this frightful, auto racket.  
Be not plum for pie, like Jack Horner's,  
When noiseless autos slip around the corners.





## AT THE CROSSING

"In the twilight, in the evening,  
In the black and dark night,"  
Like a bead of gold upon the gate  
The light swings in my sight.

When the gate sweeps downward,  
Peal of bell rings out in warning,  
As fleeting trains now and then  
Flit past the light 'til dawning.

With roar and rush of whirlwinds,  
Past signal lamps they come and go,  
O'er leagues of shining steel,  
While light on gate swings slow.

Wither do you go, where does journey end?  
You, with pale and anxious faces prest  
Against glimmering squares of moving light,  
Worn travelers who typify the world's unrest.





## THE HAUNTED HOUSE

On rusty hinges the gate swings slow,  
The path with weeds is overrun;  
With their worn thresholds lying low,  
Doors are closed 'gainst storm or sun.

When winter's snow or summer's rain,  
At night falls on the gabled roof,  
There glows a light from window-pane,  
And wayfarers hold themselves aloof.

It is a night of storm, sleet and rain,  
A woman comes through lonely gloom,  
To cross the threshold once again;  
Once more she is in haunted room.

A mystic glow enwraps her round,  
Above window's rattle, driving sleet,  
Echoes through empty rooms the sound,  
That comes of hurrying feet.

They throng to her once more;  
About her trailing garment's hem,  
The light shone, o'er moldering floor,  
She walked and talked with them.

Years of absence, yearning years,  
Had slowly passed beyond control;  
Those of sadness and of tears,  
Slipped from her with their dole.

She doffed the cloak of Care,  
The days of youth came back,  
The ghosts were young and fair,  
Of happiness there was no lack.





*The Haunted House—Continuea*

The old house up to the rafter,  
Was garnished as in other day—  
And rang with songs and laughter;  
The children came with loving ways.

All came from where the vanished go,  
To join in pastimes as of old;  
Besides the fireside's ruby glow,  
They lingered, until all was told.

Before the dawn she closed the door,  
Then softly kissed the window-pane;  
Still shone the light, she crossed the moor,  
To haunted house ne'er to return again.





## THE NEW YORK AQUARIUM

I find water, weeds, and rocks in tanks,  
And dainty miniature sand-banks;  
Native and foreign fishes are prisoners here,  
Disporting in various depths of water clear.

Ah, here's trout! If poems were good to eat,  
None yet written, cooked, would be as sweet,  
As this wise and wary fish; so here's to you,  
You are game and good, excelled by few.

A crocodile, this marble tank doth hold;  
Here he lounges brave and bold  
Murmuring to warden, "Would that I had you  
For a minute, down in some still bayou."

A blue-fish, delicious broiled? Yes, sir;  
Had them this morning for breakfast sir!  
Poor fish! no wonder you look blue,  
Too fond are people of eating you.

Here's a fish named the butterfly,  
A charming creature, catches every eye;  
This little gem so bright and fair,  
Would well adorn a mermaid's hair.

A gold-fish famous beauty, none so pert,  
Her silken fins they fan a flirt;  
As we in admiration around her flock,  
She floats away behind a rock.

A school of bass! a hand-line, quick!  
A tank of salmon! I'll land one slick!  
With one acclaim the wardens shout,  
Beware! have a care! and I rush out.

I'd seen but half of their collection,  
To store in mind for recollection.  
To an Indiana lake I will retreat  
There I may hook bass and salmon neat.





## THE PICTURE

There is a dead man lying there,  
Near him, with smiling lips and flowing hair,  
Leans a woman of strange, bewildering grace,  
With moonlight falling o'er her face.

Above his heart lies a wound, quite deep,  
A magic wound, it brings such sleep;  
He cannot see the smile upon her lips,  
His sight is sealed, a last eclipse.

This canvas holds a warning true,  
You scoff, 'twas never meant for you;  
Go forth to seek her glance, or laughter,  
The curse, the wound soon follows after.

Longer than canvas, there, can hold together,  
Limitless the time to hold in tether  
Your sex; o'er you dead, without a care,  
They jest, with most abandoned air.

In life, those wounds above your hearts,  
Concealed, ah no, the poison darts  
Are seen, as plain as every trace  
Of artist's brush, o'er yonder face.

That silent form, in its last sleep,  
Beneath mocking eyes, that never weep,  
But marks a lesson on life's page;  
This painting, 'tis like reproof from sage.





## THE LOG HOUSE AT LARCHMONT

Pass through the old swing gate,  
Down the lane unto the bars;  
Here a moment pray you wait,  
Beneath the light of stars.

There comes to us on passing breeze,  
Far out on evening air,  
Sweet fragrance from the cherry trees,  
Laden with blossoms fair.

Across the garden we will go,  
'Mid dewy herbs and bushes,  
And cross the plank, a brook below  
Sighs softly o'er the cresses.

A little way beyond the brook,  
Near withered tree with broken limb,  
Is just the place to look  
O'er all in twilight dim.

The candle-light from open door,  
To us, is like the light of day,  
With cheery look it always wore,  
In the time so long away.

The four-o'clocks each side the path,  
The daffodils beside the door,  
A sweet charm each flower hath,  
Thro' time and distance loved the more.

With kindly bark will Caesar greet us,  
Or growl he keeps for strangers?  
So long since last he met us,  
Remembers he such worldly rangers?





*The Log House at Larchmont—Continuea*

We are here, upon the old door-stone,  
Within the glow of candle-light,  
This sanded floor, we must own,  
No web of loom outshines it quite.

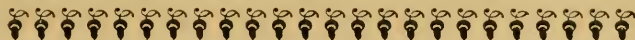
Our welcome, loving eye, quick embrace,  
And reproaches; long they waited  
While we tarried, they sought to trace  
Our wanderings, so belated.

Ah well! I have been dreaming;  
She's dead! how could she go with me  
By starlight, through all the seeming,  
Of lane, garden, past withered tree?

Why! it is winter o'er and o'er,  
How bleak the wind doth blow.  
Last seen that log-house lacked a door,  
How cold it lies beneath the snow.







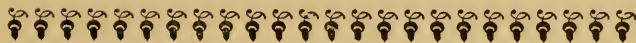
## THE GULF OF ST. LAWRENCE

Long we lingered on the banks,  
We saw the sea-gulls sailing slow  
In broken lines, or serried ranks,  
They shrilly cried their woe.

With fading gleams the sun sank down,  
While a cold wind whistled free;  
The lights 'gan glimmering in the town,  
And gleamed far out to sea.

White-capped waves were dashing  
On the light-house point afar,  
Where a jeweled light kept flashing  
O'er sunken rock and hidden bar.

Grand, that wind-swept gulf to me,  
Of its moods I have no fear,  
The god Neptune, gave me a key,  
To make their mystery clear.





## BUNCOMBE AND THE BULL

In bright golf togs they muster,  
Beautiful women and brave men;  
Buncombe's name gained lustre,  
In the engagements he had been.

The game is over, the day is warm,  
Buncombe takes the short way home,  
Across a field on Ferry's farm,  
Where bull untamed does roam.

So gay the togs on Buncombe's back,  
They rouse the bull's deep ire;  
Then like a race horse on a track  
Or an engine rushing to a fire,

Buncombe ran, bull thundering after;  
Buncombe won, as over the wall  
He came, loud was Ferry's laughter;  
Rising from his muddy sprawl,

With temper worn to a "frazzle,"  
His lost dignity to make good,  
And the rude, old farmer dazzle,  
He said, while in wrath he stood;

"Not knowing who I am, go slow,  
Once knowing you will understand,  
Mortals envy me where'er I go,  
Both titles and lineage grand.

I have been Mayor of Bosstown;  
At present I am a senator; you see,  
I am a man of wonderful renown;  
Perhaps a President I may be.





*Buncombe and the Bull—Continuea*

Hon. W. Hayden Buncombe is my name;  
Indeed sir! I think you must be full,  
To laugh at one well known to fame;"  
Quoth Ferry, "Why didn't you tell the bull."

As through the world they fare,  
How many need to tell the bull,  
Who think the tinkling brass they wear  
Entitles them to every pull,





## QUEBEC

Quaint Quebec, now I must leave you,  
Many an ideal have you proved true.  
To leave you is to leave a friend,  
"But the longest day must have an end,  
The nearest friends must part."  
Your memory will live within my heart.

Quebec looking downwards towards the river,  
Where gray-green waters are rushing ever,  
Farther on past thy time-worn walls,  
Towards the gulf where the Ocean calls,  
In memory I'll be with you yet;  
Quebec, I love, and leave you with regret.





## TWO LITTLE MAIDS

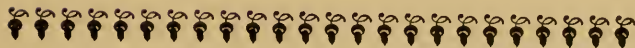
With eyes of blue, with golden hair,  
My dear Marie, indeed, you are fair,  
A sculptor's dream your white hand,  
None other like it in the land.

A black-eyed beauty good and true,  
Helen my love, that means you;  
Your sweet and tender ways,  
Like sunshine lights the days.

In fancy's realm once more I hold,  
Marie's white hand as of old;  
And dark-eyed Helen still I see,  
Her dreamy eyes, they rest on me.

Like a lily, like a rose to me,  
These little maids will always be;  
Like incense before a shrine,  
I offer them these lines of mine.

The elves their wings will lend,  
To bear to them the love I send,  
To the girl with the golden hair,  
And the dark-eyed beauty there.





## FAR ROCKAWAY

Sunset on the Atlantic, on the shore,  
We wander o'er the silver sands,  
We talk of ships and seamen's lore,  
And many a far off land.

While lengthening shadows fall,  
From shining sands we gather shells,  
They will not forget the Ocean's call,  
Ever answering with ritournelles.

Often from the surge retreating,  
Which the tide is bringing nearer,  
While the sun's rays are fleeting  
Wave and crest we see the clearer.

We watch the tide ebb and flow,  
And a pale moon rising from afar,  
Waving farewells, across the sands we go,  
Beneath the radiance of many a star.





## DUNREITH HALL

Unheeded, Night tells the rosary of the hours,  
The moon's disc is falling beyond the Hall's gray towers,  
It nears the shadowy mountain's far off line.  
Where with tender tone, the wind sways tamarac and pine,  
And whispers to a wandering brook, that idly o'er the land,  
With murmurs sweet, strays, as if lured by beckoning hand.

Around these ancient eaves there seems to cling,  
The wind's lament, like the hum of a night-bird's wing.  
Once more we meet in the hush of your ancestral halls,  
And in the dim light that floods these gray walls,  
It seems like a remembered page, from some closed book,  
That once we conned together, in some forsaken nook.

Here in this room, the moonlight like a silver vail,  
Rests in seeming witchery, upon a coat of mail,  
As useless now, as hopes and dreams that once we cherished,  
Remembered, they loom up like fantasies, they perished,  
In the long array of years and lie beyond recall,  
Are with us now as wraiths of Dunreith Hall.





## THE BUMBLEBEE

His body was a golden brown,  
    (Some would call it black,)  
Feathered with a little down  
    And yellow bands on back.  
He came from flower lands,  
    A bee from there brings,  
Some dust upon its bands,  
    Some powder on its wings.  
He seemed a luckless wight,  
    With rather maudlin way,  
Perhaps was out all night  
    And getting home to-day.  
He lit upon the window sill,  
    Tumbled off upon the ground,  
Came back to croon and trill,  
    And to fly and fuss around.  
At last came blundering in,  
    Through open window there;  
Prof. Ology, stooped and thin,  
    A man with mop-like hair,  
Loved not this bumblebee,  
    Upon his face appears  
Disgust at bummie's glee;  
    In wrath his song he hears.  
He starts to impale and stick  
    Him up against the wall.  
The bee it stung him quick,  
    C—la—m, did professor bawl.  
The bumblebee passed out,  
    Through open window there,  
So pleased with Prof.'s shout,  
    He hummed his gayest air.  
When blithesome bumblebee,  
    With crooning, lilting song,  
Kindly comes to call on thee,  
    Be civil, attempt no wrong.







## BETWEEN MOONSET AND MORNING

The shadows lean away from gray walls slantwise,  
Upon uneven roofs the pale white moonlight lies,  
And with sword-like shafts it goes glancing down,  
Amid by-ways and narrow lanes of the walled town.

Through the "Gate's" arches the wind is sighing,  
While Kipling questions, listens, to sad replying,  
Of Gabral, while he from his memory borrows,  
Weird happenings in "Gate of the Hundred Sorrows."

Near Copper-smith's Gully and Mosque of Wazir Kahn,  
In house of old Fung-Tching ('tis not a chandoo-kahn).  
Was lacquered coffin, now dragons, misery; he will tell  
Of strange deaths, of one near mosque beside the well.

He says, "Well, it doesn't matter." Nothing can to him,  
When the dragons are in their final fight before him,  
He will go the way of all the others, this one of ten.  
Once over, then what comes after? Gabral said, "And then."

They came, they went, "Between moonset and morning,"  
Ere the sunlight, mosque and minaret was adorning,  
This dim procession passed, their footsteps faring,  
In those of others, wraiths, once men and brothers.





## LONG ISLAND

Linked in a chain of silver sand,  
Held in a foam-flecked hand,  
Behold this Island grand.

From ocean wave unto the Sound  
How much of interest can be found,  
Upon this Isle's historic ground.

## JAMAICA BAY

O'er bay's broad waves 'neath morning sun,  
I watch the small-craft, crews have begun  
To hoist the sails for morning run.

They start and o'er the water's shining face,  
The white-brown sails flit from place to place,  
Like sea-bird's wings their sweeping grace.

How perfect they seem in symmetry and line,  
Flitting back and forth in the soft sunshine,  
While the waves of the bay around them twine.





## THE URSULINE

With quiet eyes, with perfect calm  
Your gentle tone it acts like balm;  
There's something in your smile  
That can a weary heart beguile.

Does His face between the rift,  
Of the world's clouds forever lift,  
Your heart to sacrifice? On thy breast,  
The symbolic cross of it doth rest.

With lives of others ever blent,  
Your tenderness and sweet content;  
Your patience with poverty and pain,  
And others' sorrows doth remain.

Without a trace of sadness,  
With serene spiritual gladness,  
Heavenward on wings of prayer,  
You waft all earthly care.





## A BIBLE OF THE YEAR 1770

The records tell, in this Bible brown and old,  
Of weddings, births and deaths—joy and despair;  
The dust of bridal blossoms, some pages hold,  
Others, the soft curls of dead children's hair.

Printed in the year 1770, a Christmas gift to Kate,  
Leaves yellowed by time, marks of chapters read  
To comfort her, when the adverse hand of fate,  
Through thorny paths her footsteps led.

“I will not leave you comfortless,” strength to one  
Who knelt beside her loved ones dying;  
“And this is life eternal,” they have won,  
“Thy strength, Thy mercy,” from her lips came sighing.

This precious Bible, read with pious care  
By Kate, upon its margin she has woven  
In prim writing, a record of blessing and of prayer.  
Kate, once a saint on earth, now in heaven.





## THE ORCHARD

Sombre clouds hang over all,  
Robin and wren in sorrow call.  
Night falls, the birds sleep,  
O'er orchard the clouds weep.

\* \* \* \* \*

This morning finds a Fairy-land,  
The orchard touched by silver wand,  
Its trees with myriad flowers  
Are fair, enchanted bowers.

The raindrops are held up,  
In many a fairy, fragrant cup,  
Glittering in sunshine there,  
Like jewels hung in air.

Apple-blossoms crimson-lipped,  
Peach-blossoms pink-tipped,  
Sway and spill their gems,  
As birds from branch to stems,

Proclaim in rush of song,  
Their sorrow was not long,  
The world not bleak forlorn,  
But sunshine after storm.





## NELL O'NEIL

I see the sunshine of late Autumn rest,  
Then fade at intervals beyond me there,  
O'er forsaken garden, o'er mountains crest,  
On hushed fountain that once gleamed fair.  
It was here I said good-by,  
Sweet Nell O'Neil, good-by.

I linger beside the fountain's broken rim,  
It is long since we were here together;  
I hear your voice beloved, my eyes grow dim,  
As in that fading Autumn weather,  
When here I said good-by,  
Sweet Nell O'Neil, good-by.

Here is the vale—how sad the quest,  
I seek and find her name—Nell O'Neil,  
In marble deeply graven; it tells of rest,  
It came when death her eyes did seal.  
Again I say good-by,  
Sweet Nell O'Neil, good-by.

No more to me your voice can make reply,  
Above your heart the sod lies deep.  
Once more beneath a sombre Autumn sky,  
Though you hear not, in your tranquil sleep,  
Good-by, good-by, good-by,  
Sweet Nell O'Neil, good-by.





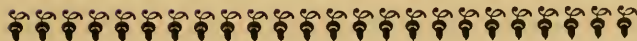
## FALLING LEAVES

Leaves falling 'mid frost and cold;  
The willows' fall with crown of gold,  
The maples' going with scarlet flush,  
The beeches' withered, coil and crush.

The poplars' leaves were first to go,  
And give the leaves and vines below,  
'Twixt branches bare a gleam of blue,  
And let the sunshine glimmer through.

Stately oaks still wear their green,  
In yonder thicket there can be seen,  
The leafless thorns with rubies red,  
And grapevine winding like a thread.

Around all this loveliness and glow,  
A north wind's humming cold and low,  
Too soon will it with bitter breath,  
Scourge all to silentness and death.





## TALE OF A TROUT

Gleaned from best prose fish story extant.

The trout stream sings as it flows,  
Near shore where flag-flower grows,  
Glistening sands slope to a pool,  
Translucent, with dark depths cool.

On edge of bank there is a line  
Of birch, beech and alders fine.  
Beneath the surface of this pool,  
The king of trouts doth rule.

Birds wing their flight above him,  
Dragon-flies poise o'er the rim,  
With gem-like bodies hung between,  
Mist-like wings of silver sheen.

They see a watery nook so dark,  
Unlit by even a glow-worm's spark;  
From the trout's point of view,  
His mirror reflects every hue.

Upwards towards the sunlight,  
The pool glows in his sight,  
It mirrors meal or foe there;  
Both are matters of much care.

Red-hackle, once on it impaled,  
Again? No, memory has not failed,  
The time he trailed broken thread  
For weeks, sore, sick, nearly dead.

When threadless, wet wings he sees,  
Of grasshoppers, or fat bumblebees,  
With swiftest rush he's all agog,  
And he dearly loves a frightened frog.







### *Tale of a Trout—Continued*

Young relative, something of a fool.  
Passing recklessly through the pool,  
Chaperoned by suckers and red-fin;  
Menu, little trout, tho' next of kin.

His wary eye a muskrat follows,  
Among the reeds in the shallows;  
Near edge of alders on the shore,  
A man is seeking some trout's gore.

He takes safe shelter when tackle,  
Man casts o'er pool has red-hackle.  
From man and rat his life he saves,  
In lair bright-hued fins he waves.

\* \* \* \* \*

Then prophecy of doom being sealed,  
By lure hand of man would wield.  
On dim water some moonless night,  
A moth would fall in hapless plight.

And it would conceal a snare,  
To bring the great trout from lair.  
His capture, story for anglers' halls.  
'Twixt bait and fish—who recalls?

Birds in flight farewells were calling,  
Autumn leaves were dying, falling.  
Anglers still lingered by the stream,  
In their catch-the-great-trout dream.

O'er field and flower fell the frost,  
On pool no bug or bee got lost.  
In the water there came an icy tang,  
The trout's hunger sharpens with a pang.





### *Tale of a Trout—Continued*

Evening cold, supper scant, for more,  
He seeks in shallows near the shore.  
A dreaded foe slips in the water,  
Ah! can he outswim the otter?

The pool! on trout for your life!  
A swirl of water, how ends the strife?  
See the otter's fangs, his gleaming eyes  
Gloat while the great trout dies.

Paling gills, fins without a quiver,  
Rose-and-silver body stilled forever.  
Down o'er pool drift Autumn leaves,  
Wailing night wind requiem grieves.

Gone the trout stream's pride and glory;  
So great the loss, 'twas mourned in story.  
But gone the great trout, gone his rule,  
From translucent Kingdom in the pool.





## ATLANTIC CITY

You Lorelei of the Atlantic,  
Bedecked in billows of foamy lace,  
Alluring in your perfect grace,  
On island home romantic.

Unlike the Loreleis of old,  
I find that you're amphibious,  
And idol of the most fastidious;  
Your scales are tipped with gold.

Your harp it is the ocean,  
To it alone the airs belong,  
To which sweet or sad your song,  
Is sung to waves motion.

You lovely Lorelei so fair,  
You never fade or sink from sight,  
You're ever there, gay, happy, bright,  
With charm for every care.

Perfect pearl of the Atlantic,  
Many hearts hold dreams of thee;  
Lovely, alluring, you will ever be,  
On island home romantic,





## THE GIFT

The illusions of things that be,  
Are worn to shreds for me.  
Hypocrisy blinds not my sight,  
Its glare turns day to night.

Sad the gift, with which I see,  
From disguise, each mortal free  
With soul before my questioning eyes,  
Revealing all without replies.

## CASTLES IN SPAIN

Oh, never a shadow rests at all,  
Around ramparts or gateways tall.

The wonderful towers are built to the skies,  
And a wonderful light over them lies.

Pure ether way up to the blue,  
Shining with fancies that ever renew.

To be woven in meshes, for every room there,  
In a mystical way they banish all care,





## KATYDID

Amid the trees and dewy leaves,  
Katydid, with little, timid air,  
Tell me the burden of your care;  
Why plaintive cry, what grieves?

Long ago, long ago, one Fall-time day,  
Skies were gray, fields were brown,  
My namesake donned a silken gown.  
And fled, "Over the hills, far away."

It was a Jock O'Hazledean affair,  
I called a warning, but she fled,  
She may be wed, she may be dead;  
The girl, loved, lost, wondrous fair.

I've told you when, why and how,  
Namesake and friends were parted.  
The old folks died broken-hearted.  
I'll call her ever, I'll call her now,





## WASHINGTON'S HEADQUARTERS

MORRISTOWN, N. J.

Headquarters in "Freemasons' Tavern, on the Green,"  
In 1777, Washington and the army here were seen;  
In this town the "Arnold Tavern" has another name,  
But it is the traitor's landmark, just the same.

Washington's headquarters has an arched doorway,  
With fluted columns, fine, Colonial in every way,  
And fine the cornice that runs beneath the eaves.  
I am through quaint doorway, my imagination weaves.

Scenes of other days; many a distinguished guest,  
Whose body now is dust and spirit with the blest,  
Was received in loving friendship in these halls;  
Among others Lafayette, how much his name recalls.

And these historic relics, they serve me as cable,  
Between past and present; Washington's despatch table,  
Worn and ink stained, a tall clock, an iron strong box,  
That held Continental treasure beneath its locks.

At night guards lock in safe the original commission,  
A document that gave brave Washington permission,  
To be Commander in Chief of the Continental forces;  
He with them against fearful odds did pit resources.

I'm going, I'll bid adieu to bust of Washington here,  
Lafayette, de la Suzerne, are in my vision very clear,  
And many others; I see paste buckles and velvet coats,  
With patch and powder many a dame around me floats.





## MRS. AIRS

As airy as a fanning mill,  
As fussy as a setting hen,  
Gay as a new ten dollar bill,  
But counterfeit the ten.

Oh, deliver from such hens!  
When folly is their only joy.  
They're like a growth of wens,  
Useless, and as much annoy.

When Airy family glide around,  
With feathers set as sails,  
From mouths, comes many a sound,  
As harsh as peacock's wails.

The Airy family's very large,  
Yet, silly, comical and small;  
Ancestors oft a county charge,  
Or "Wearies" one and all.

Across their shoulders a stick,  
Spot 'kerchief held their best,  
Descendants, with graft and trick,  
Now seek to lead the rest.





## A HOOSIER

A jubliant voice has the jay,  
He's the Hoosier's lark,  
They'll listen to his lay,  
From dawn 'till dark.

His throat is made of brass,  
His lungs are copper,  
Could Gatling gun bring him to grass,  
I'd grind him thro' a hopper.







## SAND DUNES OF INDIANA

"Now things there are that, upon him who sees,  
A strong vocation lay; and strains there are  
That whoso hears shall hear forevermore."  
Robert Louis Stevenson.

Pine trees, hills and belts of sand,  
Lake Michigan's breakers fiercely curling  
Around the drift-wood on the strand,  
Then swiftly their foaming banners furling.

Sublime the scene, yet, with sadness clinging;  
Above was the glory of a night divine,  
Near me sand dunes, and dirge-like the ringing,  
When the wind wailed thro' woods of pine.  
\* \* \* \* \*

I would not have an earthquake shock,  
Or flood, wash these dunes away;  
A Titan hurl some granite rock  
Or nature provide a dress more gay,

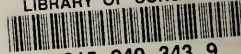






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